

CHAPTER XIII.
AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

As with pretty Ellen Maxey, so with the others. The end seemed to have been reached.

When Mr. Dye stalked out of the artist's rooms and the shiny surface of his well-known coat had vanished from Maxey's sight, it seemed as if every ray of light that tended to illuminate the double mystery, to solve which Maxey had stooped to a subterfuge, had vanished too.

Here at last the good artist and the other acute investigators reached a dead wall. Here every thread was broken. Here to all appearances the matter came to a hopeless termination. The several actors in the drama settled down to the more ordinary happenings of daily life. New matters, quite as absorbing, however removed from the terrible, claimed their attention. The more vivid sensations of today gradually obscured the less vivid sensations of yesterday. They did not forget but they ceased to talk about the fateful night on the sea road and all that grew out of it.

Lamar was unhappy. He was a frequent visitor at the artist's rooms even now, when there was no longer any need of his professional services. He seemed to come there in his leisure moments as a refuge from himself. He was the most cheerful and witty of society, but the smile died on his lips when he crossed the threshold on his way out. It was as if a shadow fell upon him everywhere but here, as if the sun shone in only at the windows above the river, and all the rest of the world were dark.

Did Lamar know why this was? In a vague way perhaps, but he surely did not know it to himself and still preserve his relations with the Widow Forsythe and still come here. No; Lamar was not a man of that stamp. The day he really found himself out, that day he would visit her.

As for the poor girl without a name, she gradually became a natural and necessary part of the artist's home circle. The time came when the face over every day a smile, and somehow that smile opened a world of light and beauty in the place. In her art lessons she was making wonderful progress. The day that the knock at the outer door startled teacher and pupil into a consciousness of how very close to each other their heads had come was scarcely the first and it was certainly not the last on which the phenomenon occurred. Such a very apt pupil was the girl without a name, so devoted to art, so very earnest a teacher was Julian Maxey, so delighted with her achievements, that these little episodes were scarcely to be wondered at. But, however much the familiarity of daily association might bring these two together, there was still a barrier to a mutual understanding, for Miss Dye remained at heart the same shy, timid creature that she had appeared at first. She became easy and natural and smiled because her surroundings were bright and she was young, but there were a native delicacy and sensitiveness that betrayed themselves through all.

Neither was she wholly happy. When she thought herself alone, there were times when she sat with her head upon her hand, looking out over the lonesome river to the hills that made the background, and when she was sitting thus if she smiled at all it was through her tears. There was one thing that troubled her much. It was the sense of dependence and obligation. She could not feel satisfied to share in a prosperity to which she did not materially contribute. It was this that held her to an untiring attention, and studiousness in her new occupation. She hoped to earn a livelihood with her pencil, and the enthusiastic Maxey, who partly realized what her feelings were, encouraged her in that hope. It is easy to make progress in a work one loves. Before she had been under his tuition a month Maxey told Dr. Lamar that her copies in crayon and charcoal were something marvellous for one whose instruction had been so limited. Maxey undertook to paint her face, and she retaliated by making a pencil sketch of his features which was wonderfully accurate. And so the days were spent.

One morning Maxey awoke to a realizing sense of his situation. He loved. And why not? Was she not beautiful, intelligent, refined, virtuous? Was she not in every way a woman of all women, such as a man might be proud to be introduced to his friends as "my wife"? Was she any the less adorable because nobody knew the name of her father? Was the fact that she was nameless a barrier to a feather's weight? Not to a man like Maxey.

But yet he hesitated. With all his impetuosity and impatience he was accustomed to count the cost of a momentary step before he took it, and the alternatives presented to him were painful. He had learned something of Annette's character. To place himself in the position of a suitor for any reason unacceptable to her was equivalent to driving a friendless girl from the place she had ever known. Not to place himself in the position of a suitor was to know his own fate. When a young man is burning with the intoxication of a first great passion, this last is not possible.

So Maxey thought he would wait, and wait he did until he was brought to a sudden resolution in the matter in an unlooked for and extraordinary way. One afternoon when the artist was alone with his sister Ellen she introduced a grave topic. Nevertheless she tried to make her remark seem a casual one.

"Julian, do you know how Dr. Lamar came to be engaged?"

Maxey looked at her with apprehension. He hesitated a little before he made his reply.

"Not from his own lips, Ellen. I understand in a general way that it is a family affair. Of course you know that."

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The Widow Forsythe is very rich. She is understood to be very much in love with Lamar, and his mother, who is very anxious for her son's advancement, has set her heart upon it. Exactly how it came about no one knows. We know that Estelle was at Newport with her last summer, and that the pledges were passed toward the close of the season. But what is the use of repeating idle talk? I only know what people say, which is very poor authority."

"What do people say, Julian?"

"Oh, you want that, too, even when it may not be true? Well, remembering that it is rumor—scandal perhaps is a better word for it—the story is told to me that this Mrs. Forsythe, whose husband died while she was yet very young and left her with two-thirds of his immense fortune, has always used her great powers of fascination to break hearts. That has been her chief source of amusement and delight for years. The story is that Lamar was madly in love with her before she married Mr. Forsythe, but that she rejected him to make a wealthy alliance with that physical monstrosity. This last summer they met again after a separation of years. She showed him unusual favors and did her utmost to win him back. It is said that he resisted all her advances, but that she finally triumphed by somehow enticing his mother on her side. That might be easily so with a vain and worldly woman like Mrs. Lamar. They go on to say that this Mrs. Lamar hinted and pleaded and argued with her son until finally, to rid himself of her, he never dreaming that she would accept him, he so far forgot his dignity as to ask Mrs. Forsythe one evening if she had ever had cause to regret the little 'No' she had once given him. She told him 'Yes' with a warmth and fervor that took his breath away, and he had committed himself before he knew it."

"Just as I heard it, Julian. Was it not also said that this second proposal was a mockery, so coldly and contemptuously framed that any woman with a spark of self respect would have taken it as an insult?"

Miss Maxey spoke vehemently, with a bright red spot in either cheek. The artist moved uneasily in his chair.

"You know, Ellen, of how little value this gossip is."

"Let us not deceive ourselves, Julian. The 'gossip' as you call it, comes from directly. I need hardly remind you that I have a friend who knows this Forsythe woman, who was with her last summer at Newport, and who has seen something of her since."

"Indeed!" cried Maxey. "This is news to me. I did not know it. Neither do I know Mrs. Forsythe."

Said Ellen earnestly: "Julian, I know of her. I know that she has a terrible, ungovernable temper. I do not believe she is a good woman. She would make Lamar wretched, more wretched than he is now. This match must be broken off. Yes, Julian, it is no longer useful to disguise the truth, even if we could. Dr. Lamar neglects his business. He neglects it to come here. He no longer cares to be first in his profession as he used. His reputation as a physician is in danger. You have heard as well as I that he has refused to take important cases, cases which it was in every way for his interest to take. You know it and cannot deny the reasons. This woman has him in her clutches, and from a false sense of honor, most creditable to himself, he refuses to break away. This is the plain truth, as you know, and I say again this match must be broken off!"

Every word of this had its effect. Maxey knew too well its force and its truth. There was no doubt that the physician who had been a story of change in the past few months, and that there was also good reason to believe that Maxey had named the cause. But what could the artist do? He replied at last hesitatingly:

"Suppose I say yes, heartily yes, to all that you have said, what then? I do not doubt the advisability of breaking off the match, but how?"

"Who could do it better than yourself, Julian?"

"You!" Maxey spoke bluntly, but so seriously.

Ellen flashed a startled, apprehensive glance at her brother.

"You are not treating a serious matter seriously. Dr. Lamar has been very kind to us. We have no right to let him go blindfolded to a fate worse than death. You are his nearest friend. You will, you must warn him!"

"My dear sister, I have warned him and pleaded with him. How does he take it? He simply becomes angry, makes an admission to me that I am not at liberty to repeat and forbids me ever again to mention the subject. I feel that I have done all that it is possible for me to do. Lamar is not a man one can advise as if he were a little child. No, Ellen; seriously, it is your turn."

"What a preposterous idea! What right have I to advise him? What would he think of me if—oh, no, Julian, never! I could not mention the matter to him."

"You are not so simple as to suppose I meant that, Ellen. You are a woman and a bright woman. Is it necessary for you to say? Act! That is what I mean. Teach him. You can do it better than anybody else. I have no confidence that this marriage will ever take place. Already it has been delayed nearly a year. Who do you suppose is to blame for that? Not she surely. She is said so far to have seen the folly of her youthful error that she adheres him now."

"Unfortunately, Julian, I happen to know to the contrary. The marriage has been postponed at her own request. I have that from Lamar's sister."

"Oh, you have!" Maxey regarded her with a fixed look. "You are so well informed on this subject, Ellen, that I do not feel competent to talk with you. Still I insist that my advice is good. You women have a wonderful power in such matters when you are really in earnest. But, dropping that for a time, I have something very serious to say to you. It is to me the most serious subject in the world—our Annette."

"Well, what of our Annette?"

"I want to make her my wife."

Maxey was quite prepared to see his sister faint, to hear her scream or to give any other extreme vent to her feelings, but he was hardly prepared for entire calmness. Miss Maxey started, it is true, and drew a deep sigh, but when she did speak there was scarcely a tremor in her voice.

"I am well aware of that, Julian. For a minute Maxey was too astonished to speak."

"Well aware of it! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I discerned it some time ago, Julian. You are not artful enough to keep such a matter to yourself. I found it out, I dare say, before you did, and it made me very happy. You want, my opinion, my brother? I will give it to you. In a worldly way some of your friends will say you have made a grave mistake, but in your own heart you will always be satisfied and happy. She is the most lovely girl I know. She will make the best wife in the world. I am sure of it. I say this with all my heart, Julian, with all my heart."

She tried to speak in a matter of fact tone, but the tears came into her eyes. Maxey could hardly conceal his delight, though he answered abruptly:

"Fahaw, Ellen, you didn't think I wished to consult you about the wisdom of this step. I decided that for myself."

"Why then?"

"Because I want you to advise me—more, to help me. You know how sensitive Annette is. If once I place myself in the position of a lover before her, one of two things will happen. She will either accept me or leave the house. Now I don't want her to leave the house."

Ellen answered him gravely.

"But you have no choice, Julian. If she cannot be loved by you, she must, she ought to leave the house. After what you have said one of these things must be."

"Ellen, it is a terrible thing to do—to deprive a poor girl of her home."

Miss Maxey was very sober, but there was no hesitancy or faltering in her reply.

"You are not to blame for loving her. You cannot avoid the consequences. Go to her in a manly, straightforward fashion and tell her the truth."

"Tell her the truth, the truth, of course—but what will she say to the truth?"

"I am sorry, Julian, that I cannot help you. I have foreseen this. I have tried to sound her, but on the subject of your lips are sealed."

"You don't say so?" cried Maxey, running his hand through his hair till it stood up like a man's mane. "What does that signify, I wonder?"

"It surely does not mean that she dislikes you. Don't ask me to say more. I do not wish that you shall ever be able to accuse me of having raised false hopes in your mind."

"And if she does not love me?" faltered Maxey.

"She does love you, Julian."

Maxey sprang to his feet.

"To your third, it does not follow that because she loves you she will consent to be your wife."

Maxey, speechless, stared at his sister.

"Does that seem strange to you? Oh, Julian, you do not know her as well as I do. The poor child has poured out her whole soul to me. She lives under a constant shadow. Yes, you need not start. She does, and it is the shadow of the past. I know you do not see it. She always smiles and looks happy when you are with her. But, depend upon it, she has moments, hours, when she broods and mourns in silence. Julian, she is afraid the story of her birth is a story of shame, and that if it were known, respectable people would close their doors against her. That there is a doubt in your only chance. The day that it becomes a certainty, that day you will lose her forever. Mark my words. I have been her mother, in a sense, and I know her. She would never disgrace or degrade the man she loves. Never! I must persuade her that her fears are groundless."

"If indeed, Ellen, I need help in this matter, if I ever needed it in my life."

"Who can help you?"

"You."

"No. She would not take advice in such a matter. You will best win your own cause yourself. You are a man, and a bright man, and you can do it better than anybody else. You have a wonderful power in such matters when you are really in earnest. My advice is, act!"

Miss Maxey arose, smiled benignly upon her brother and left the room.

"The demon!" thought Maxey. "She wants to be quits with me because I could not aid her with Lamar! But this is too serious a matter for trifling, altogether too serious. What shall I do?"

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Everybody knows that much of the so-called Mocha coffee sold in the United States is no such thing, but only a few persons know how some of the counterfeits Mocha is made. The berries growing on the highest limbs of the coffee tree in Brazil are often shivered in the semblance of the true Mocha, and these are carefully set aside, shipped to some port famous for Mocha coffee and sent thence to the western world as the true thing.

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The Greatest Sufferers in the World are women; their delicate organizations being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood and cures all the sicknesses peculiar to the sex; it fortifies the system against the disease incident to old age. It is the best medicine in the world.

Long Years in Maine. Maine probably has many oddly shaped farms, but we doubt if one can be found more peculiar in form than that in the east part of Dexter, formerly owned by the pioneer blacksmith Elijah W. Sprague. This was eight rods wide and a half mile long, with the highway cutting it at right angles into unequal portions. The inconvenience of so narrow a farm, with pasture and woods at one end, is obvious to any one, but in this form it has continued from the days of the forefathers to the present time, in use as a farm all the time. A farm only 20 rods wide and about half a mile long was in use a great many years near Farmington Falls and may be so used yet for all the writer knows, but the Dexter farm beats it by nearly two-thirds for narrowness and general oddity. Farms of this shape are numerous in Canada.—Lewiston Journal.

Nearly Had Baby Spasms. Napoléon, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medicine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My husband ran to the drugstore for "soothing syrup." Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used nearly three bottles, and baby is the most pleasant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it all to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.—Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoléon, O. 25c.

The Cowboy and the Folding Bed. A cowboy up from the Texas panhandle was a guest at the house, and as the clerk who attended to him is still in Denver we will allow him to tell the story in his own way: "He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and, if he wished, the bellboy would show him how it worked. But not much. He didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live down on the range."

"So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away. About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned upon the glass was a sarcastic legend reading: 'God darn you folding beds. Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivers onto 'em? Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your darned old cubberd.' The 'darned old cubberd' was one of our best folding beds."—Denver Field and Farm.

Kenneth Bezemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all, and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoléon Ohio.

Have You Indigestion? Perhaps There Is a Hint For You In This Story of Some Ailing Chickens.

"Troubled with indigestion, are you? Feel all puffed up, eh? Well, it's a pity that some one couldn't treat you the way my brother-in-law's wife treated her chickens. That was when they lived out in Lewistown, Pa."

"Going to tell us another story now, I suppose, like those about catching herring in the grass and hunting shad with a dog and gun, ain't you?"

Without paying any attention to this slighting remark the Jerseyman went on:

"My brother-in-law's wife had a fine crop of chickens that summer. They were all hatched that spring and were growing well when one day the whole flock got at a bag of dry cornmeal and filled their crops full of it. The first thing my brother-in-law's wife knew of this was when the meal began to swell and turn sour, and the whole troop of chickens were wallowing around with crops twice their regular size and every chicken looking like the bass drummers in a German band. You see, the chickens either had got at water too soon or else didn't have enough in their crops to grind up the meal, and it wouldn't digest and seemed likely to burst them."

"There was no one by to give help or advice, and my brother-in-law's wife wasn't going to lose that lot of more than 100 fine chickens if she could help it, so she started right in to do the best she could. The children caught the chickens and brought them to her, and with her buttonhole scissors she cut a slit in each one of their crops. She squeezed out the cornmeal, washed their crops out and sewed them up again. The chickens seemed grateful. They were kept quiet for a couple of days, fed lightly, and every one of them recovered."—New York Sun.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any country official as to my reliability. Wm. H. Kears, P. M., Primor, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoléon Ohio. 1m

Explaining a Blank. The above space is reserved for two very funny jokes that we thought of the other day, but unfortunately cannot recall at the present writing.—Jewish Messenger.

A return of memory sometimes occurs in drunkenness, as in the case of the Irish porter who, having lost a package while drunk, got drunk again and remembered where he had left it.

Continued.

Mocha Coffee. Everybody knows that much of the so-called Mocha coffee sold in the United States is no such thing, but only a few persons know how some of the counterfeits Mocha is made. The berries growing on the highest limbs of the coffee tree in Brazil are often shivered in the semblance of the true Mocha, and these are carefully set aside, shipped to some port famous for Mocha coffee and sent thence to the western world as the true thing.

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The Laughing Owl. One of the most fantastic of birds is the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-ha that sound like half human laughter. The sound is sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less gruesome than the unearthly call of the Cheesapeake loon heard at all hours of the night along the shores of that bay.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fever. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at D. J. Humphrey's drugstore.

KARL H. KOLBE, Veterinary Surgeon, LIVERY AND FEED STABLE. Is a graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Treats all diseases of the horse.

JOS. SHAFF, The old reliable, with the largest and best stock of HAND-MADE WAGONS, Spring Wagons, Buggies and Carriages.

of my own make, ever offered to the people of Henry county, made of the best selected stock and superior workmanship in every department. I am also prepared to do all kinds of repairs. I can make a good wagon, buggy or carriage, come and see me. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. F. BEARD, Found